

PRINCESS

TRIXIE



JOHN A. SEAVERNS

# PRINCESS TRIxie





# Princess Trixie

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## AUTOBIOGRAPHY

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**A**N Accurate Account of  
the Sayings and Doings  
of the Wisest and Most Highly  
Educated Horse in the World.

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By  
George L. Hutchin

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# PREFACE AND CONTENTS

The term "horse sense" is proverbial. It is now universally acknowledged and recommended. I have, for a long time, wished to write something for the betterment of brute creation and the emancipation of the animal kingdom. To me, out of the depths of compassion, has come a wild cry for the amelioration of the earthly condition of domestic animals oppressed.

At last, like an inspiration, Princess Trixie has come to me as a revelation, and her words will be as a benediction to those of her world.

Humanity will bless her memory and all her brother animals will praise her according to their power of understanding.

Princess Trixie has a larger development of "horse sense" than any animal I have ever known. I have seen Jim Key and the Hahn's horse of Berlin, and I wish to say that they are certainly marvels of equine intelligence. They have done a great deal to relieve the hardships and sufferings of their race. I have often thought that they knew more than some teachers and trainers.

Princess Trixie matriculated in the school of experience and graduated in Nature's broad college of universal knowledge. Beyond cavil she is the smartest and best educated horse in the world today. She speaks a various language, and makes herself understood perfectly by signs, looks, utterances and actions. She is the most gifted and talented actress before the public, and has won her laurels by deserving them.

She is the connecting link in the interchange of knowledge between the human family and brute creation. She has a light and understanding that is miraculous. The humanitarian will praise her glowingly, while every animal that has the gift of understanding will hold her in grateful remembrance.

The following is a true autobiography and history of Princess Trixie.

GEO. L. HUTCHIN.



PRINCESS TRIXIE



In my early days my mother taught me how to carry myself gracefully



MY KIND MASTER



William Harrison Barnes



# PRINCESS TRIXIE

## CHAPTER I.

### *My First Recollection.*



IF MY memory has not played me a trick and filled my brain with weird fancies, my first recollection dates back to April in 1895. I remember a pleasant meadow, a running brook, a nearby orchard, a spacious barn and a handsome house where my master lived. Everything was new to me and I was often alarmed and scared by things that I never notice any more and pay no attention to at all. Of course I did not know then what was harmful. But since I have been educated I know how to take care of myself and how to guard

against dangers and pitfalls. Like all young colts I did many very foolish things at first, but I soon learned to do better. And the better I did the happier I was. My home was near Humboldt, Iowa. I often saw city folks pass by and I thought that they were the funniest things imaginable. Their dress was so odd.

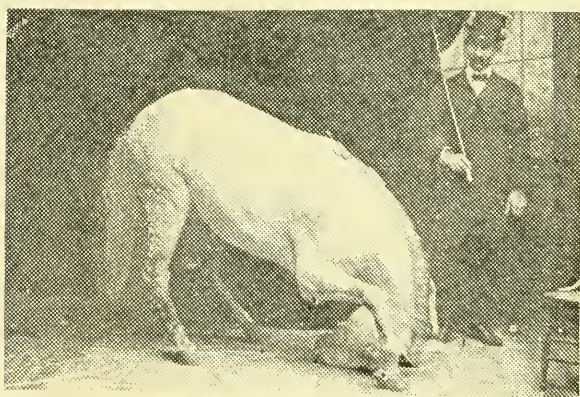
My mother's name was Gypsy Queen. She was trained by Prof. W. A. Sigsbee, a noted educator of animals. No grandee or ancient dame was more proud than my mother. At an early age she called me to her side and said: "You are young and can't be expected to know everything. It is my duty to tell you. I have noticed you playing with those Norman colts over in the other pasture. Now take my advice and don't waste your time with them. They are rough and coarse. They have no refinement whatever. When they grow up they will be hitched to a dray or made to pull a scraper or a lumber wagon. Their mother goes out to plow in the field all day. She has had no educational advantages and couldn't have learned much if she had been so favored.

I pity her but I don't wish to trot in her class. You should have ambition and fill some high place in life. 'Hitch your chariot to a star.' If you grow up ignorant and coarse you will not be fitted for the higher walks; and you will be put to dull, stupid work with the work-a-day draft horse. It's just the same with people."

This set me to thinking, and I resolved to so live that I would be the best favored by my master. When my mother whinnied to me I trotted to her side immediately and I kept aloof from the other colts who had learned no manners and were lowly born and bred. When they kicked viciously, and squealed and bit each other I was shocked beyond measure and day by day I saw the wisdom of my mother's remarks. The other colts were not so bad, but they didn't seem to "sabbie," as my young master Ray used to say.

I shall always remember the day when my mother whinnied to me and I went to her at the gate to our master's house. Just beyond the fence stood a beautiful Arabian horse. I had never seen a horse so handsome and noble in my life. They called him Boniveta. How my heart leaped with joy when I learned that he was my father. He was so gentle and kind that no one could be cruel enough to mistreat him. There were a great many fine-looking people there, and Boniveta, to please those present, gave an exhibition of his learning. I never saw anything so wonderful. I shall always remember how happy Boniveta's master seemed

when he gave commands that were quickly executed. I was inspired and exalted. I could see that Boniveta and his master understood each other almost perfectly. I saw how vastly pleased the master was when Boniveta obeyed. And that decided my life. I made a resolve



Making Her Bow

to get an education and be an equine star of the first magnitude. I am told that my father is still giving exhibitions of his skill and learning on the Atlantic seaboard, and has been greatly praised for his clever work. So you see I came from a race of actors and performers. I have had advantages that few horses can boast.

I felt a little despondent at first, as no one seemed to care for me particularly, and when I tried to indicate to them that I wanted them to teach me they stroked me roughly and would often say, "Be gone!" But dear, good, kind-hearted mother consoled me by saying, "You are young yet; be of good cheer, be gentle and wait for your opportunity that comes once to every horse, and then make the most of it."

Well, I thank my lucky star the fortunate day came at last; my beloved master and benefactor came. But for him I might be drawing milk-carts or doing other menial service today. The moment I saw him I was strangely impressed. I went right to him and laid my head in his arms. I don't know what made me do it. He patted me and stroked my mane and I was supremely happy. I don't know how I was so strangely drawn to him. I had heard of hypnotism and I wondered if he had cast a spell about me. Surely I was charmed by the magic of his eye. I felt that there was to be a great change in my life. And although I had never seen this man before I knew instinctively that I was to follow his fortunes. He seemed so kind, so gentle and noble in my mind that I was determined to reciprocate his gentleness in every way possible. I heard them call him Mr. Barnes and I afterwards learned that his full name was William Harrison Barnes. A funny idea struck me. I thought that the name of Barnes ought to prove pop-



Sitting on Master's Lap

ular with any horse. Well, my predictions came true. I soon left the green fields, the pastures and all the charming and enchanting spots of my early days to follow my dear benefactor all over the world, as it seems to me.

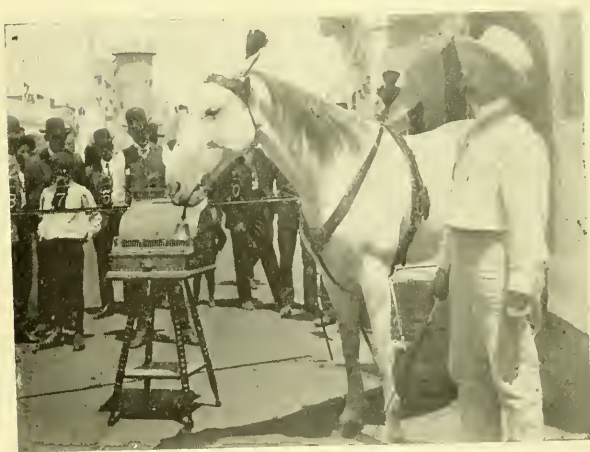
## CHAPTER II.

### *My Early Training.*

As I said before, I was sure that I was born under a lucky star when I was taken into my Master's services and felt his care. And how I do love his dear family! They are all so kind to me. Mrs. Nellie, the good mother of the little master, Raymond, and the Mistresses Myrtle and Lucile, is especially good to me. I appreciate all their kindness a great deal more than they probably imagine. I shall never cease to be thankful for being cast in their lot. I have grown up with the children and I learned a great deal from them, because I could understand their meaning better than I could understand some older people. They were always playful, and I like to play. Some of my best knowledge was gained while at play.

I will never forget my first public performance. It was at a country fair. I was led upon a big platform, which was new to me. It shook a bit and I was afraid it would fall and break my

neck and legs and injure my Master. Of course he didn't know just what was the matter, so I tried to be brave. Then the band began to play and I was scared more than ever. I thought sure the platform was breaking down. I trembled terribly. As I gazed about me I



Calling School



saw a sea of faces all looking at me. I can imagine how a murderer must feel when he is about to be hanged. "What in the world have I done and what's the matter with them?" I thought. At last the band quit and my poor Master, heaven forgive me, tried to make me understand that he wanted me to do those things right then and there that he had taught me before. I was so badly scared that I forgot I was in the world. I must have looked like an inspired idiot. My Master's face changed color so rapidly that I feared he was going to have a fit. Then I thought to myself, "Here's a pretty how-de-do." I realized that I had to do something and do it quickly. So without really knowing what I was going to do I reared upon my hinder legs, and in that attitude walked across the platform to the band. Before this the crowd was indifferent, skeptical and almost insulting in its remarks. But my *coup de grace* caught them and they howled with delight. I felt relieved. My stage fright was gone, and my Master having pulled himself together began our exhibition. Every time I did anything pleasing the vast throng roared with delight and my Master was so unmistakably pleased that I redoubled my efforts to do good acting. Oh! how glad I was to hear them clap their hands and shout when we concluded our stunt and the President of the Fair leaped to the platform and roared: "This horse is the Princess of Trickery." From that incident grew my name, Princess Trixie, and it has clung to me ever since and is known all over the world wherever the English language is spoken. My Master flung his arms about my neck and hugged me and I am not just sure I did not see a tear in his eyes as he spoke to me so kind and lovingly. Hundreds came up and petted me and said, "What a smart





horse" and other things like that. I tell you I was proud. I just wanted to give the exhibition all over again, right then and there. But that awful band began to play again and I came down out of the clouds and began to look for an easy way to escape to earth. And then came the racing horses. I spoke to one of the runners in my own language as he was going back to score. But before he could answer his rider jerked him cruelly and struck him with a whip. It made my blood boil, but what could I do? I pity those poor animals that are ridden at top speed and cut with the whip by merciless jockeys because the poor things can't fly. How tired those horses must get?

I was aroused from my reverie by a great commotion in the crowd of spectators. The horse I had spoken to was so angry at the cruel blows showered upon him that he wanted revenge. Suddenly darting forward he dropped his head between his legs and kicked up his heels. Off went the rider, who struck the bandstand with a dull thud. They carried the rider unconscious to a shed and two doctors worked over him a long time before he knew what happened. Everybody said it served him right. They put a new mount on the horse and he won the race. The new rider was kind and gentle, and the horse told me that he did his best because the new jockey was not cruel. I pity trained animals who have cruel masters. Too often the trainers are ignorant and can't make themselves understood. They expect dumb brutes to

know as much as people and to reason as well. God never intended that it should be so. My heart bleeds for animals who have cruel masters. They can't tell the world how wretchedly they are treated and made to suffer often for the master's ignorance. When I think of my



Contortion Act in Harness

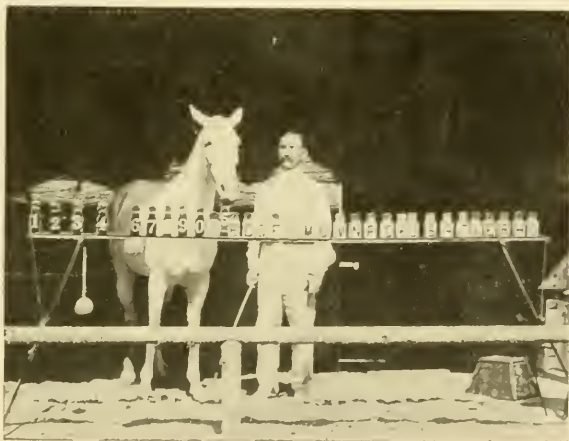
Master and then think of some masters I have seen, I can't refrain from felicitating myself upon the wise choice I made when I selected him for master—for really I did select him.

### CHAPTER III.

#### *Learning to Speak.*

As my education progressed day by day other horses were surprised. They deemed me precocious, far beyond my years. And when they saw thousands of people eagerly collect about me and admire my work they too were anxious to gain my knowledge and popularity. A few of them have become fairly well trained and some of them know more than their trainers. I am learning all the time. I hope some day to know everything my Master wants me to do. You must have a wise teacher if you would learn everything. I felt now that I had a mission in the world to perform. I knew that in some way I was to be the emancipator of the animal kingdom—what Abraham Lincoln and "Uncle Tom's Cabin" were to the colored race. I became more and more anxious to learn with the grand hope of helping my suffering kind.

My Master saw how anxious I was to learn and he took great interest in me. My first lesson was easy. He held a piece of candy in his hand and offered it to me, nodding his head several times. Then he asked me if I wanted the candy. Most certainly I did. But he would not give it to me until I nodded my head, which he said meant "yes." I liked the candy so well that I kept bowing and nodding all the time, and I ate so much candy that I was almost

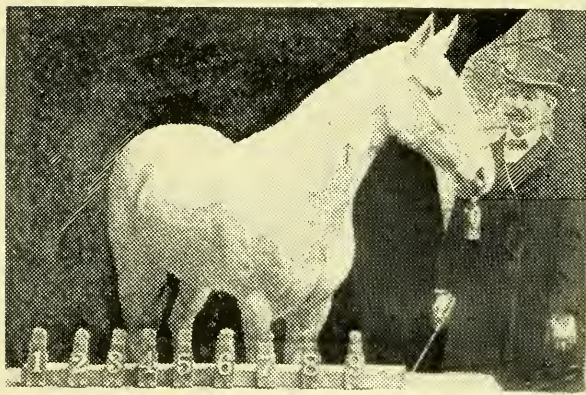


sick. I was pleased with my lesson, however. Then my Master offered me a bunch of thistles and they stung my nostrils and I shook my head just as my Master did. My Master patted me and said, "That's right; shake your head when you want to say 'No.'" I was making progress and I was happy. Then Master pointed out objects and pronounced their names and showed me pictures and repeated their names, oh, ever-so-many times a day. I often wonder at the patience my Master had with me. But he was good and kind and I slowly learned a great deal. I tried to pronounce my Master's words as he said them, but I couldn't. A horse learns and remembers best by kind treatment.

When I couldn't understand a thing I always shook my head. Master then would show me an object or explain his meaning clearly in some way. Although I was studious I did not know as much as I wanted to know the first and second year. My Master was practical and took lots of pains to teach me. You know a horse satisfies his curiosity a great deal by smelling. If a horse is allowed to smell out an object and it doesn't hurt him he will never be afraid of that thing again, unless it changes its form, its noises, or does some new stunt.

I shall never forget the first automobile I met. Scared? Well, I felt as though I could jump over the moon just as easily as I wink an eye. I trembled like a leaf and my nerves were at a tension that was terrible. I thought it was the Devil I had heard

Master speak about. Master didn't seem afraid and I wondered at that. He said to me quietly, "Don't be afraid, Trixie, it won't hurt you." I was mighty glad to hear him say this, but I still had my doubts and was trembling violently. I had confidence in my Master, and



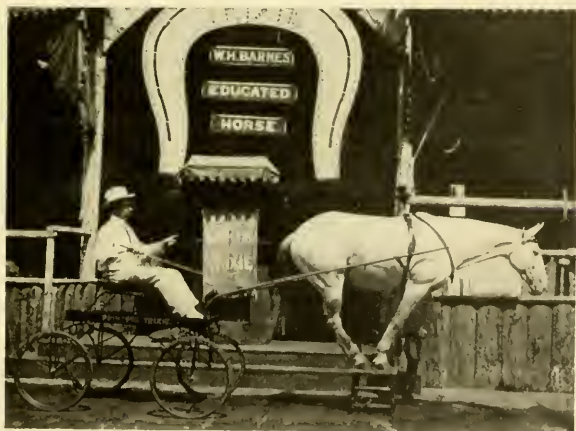
when he said: "Come, Trixie, and put your front feet into this machine," I almost fell dead. I thought that he must have lost his mind or that I didn't understand. But I grew bolder and smelled of the "horseless carriage" all over and finally put my feet into the bed of the machine and wasn't afraid. Of course now when I have knowledge I don't care at all for automobiles.

If my Master had whipped me and jerked me as some cruel and foolish men jerk and whip their horses I would have been scared to death. I hope the day will come when all masters will learn how nervous horses are naturally and will not be so brutally ignorant of the horse's wants and needs.

## CHAPTER IV.

### *My Kindergarten Work.*

My kindergarten work was the important foundation of my education. I grew up as a member of my Master's household. I played with the children and they seemed to love me as much as I loved them. And I learned many of the things they learned. Young Master Ray used to play innocent little tricks on me just for fun. I did not understand him then and my heart often was wounded because I thought I had done some wrong. But when he would laugh and throw his arms around my neck and hug me I knew that it was all right and I was happy again. When I would play with the children in the orchard they would hold up an apple and pronounce the name and I soon knew what apple was and I told them so in my sign language, which I have learned is universal. And





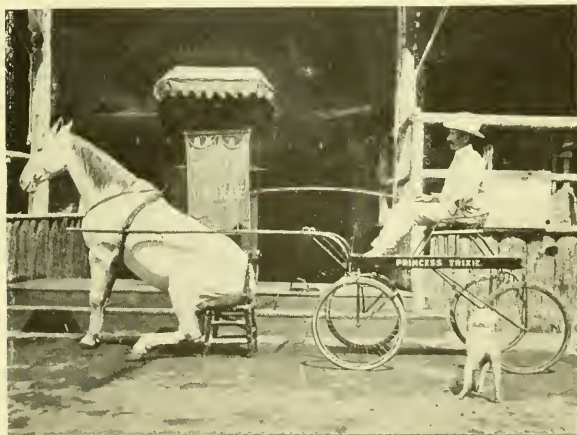
Thanks to this avenue I am able to understand and to express many thoughts. The sign language is of great value to me.

When I had learned many words I was told that every one was represented by certain signs called letters of the alphabet. This puzzled me. Misses Myrtle and Lucile were given some blocks for Christmas and these blocks had letters on them. They put three of the letters together and it spelled "BOY." They pronounced the name again and again. Then they changed it and put three letters together which they called "RAY" and pointed to my young Master as they pronounced R—A—Y—"RAY." Then I knew by signs that my Master's name was Ray and that he was a boy. I was progressing and therefore very happy.

They placed the alphabet in a regular order and pointed to each letter as they pronounced the name. I soon learned to pick out the letters by sound and location. And now I can spell almost any word that does not have too many letters in it. I know many words. I know how to spell them and know their meaning.

I am like all other horses about music. I am affected by music. A dirge makes me weep, but when Mistress Myrtle, or the band, plays a march I just feel as though I could fly and I step in rhythm with the joyous sounds. I can distinguish the musical notes and could play if I had hands to touch the chords and keys. I love

good music. And don't you think for one moment that a horse can't tell a bad band from a good one. If you only knew how bad music affects a horse you would not be surprised at his running away and kicking everything to pieces and jumping into the river.

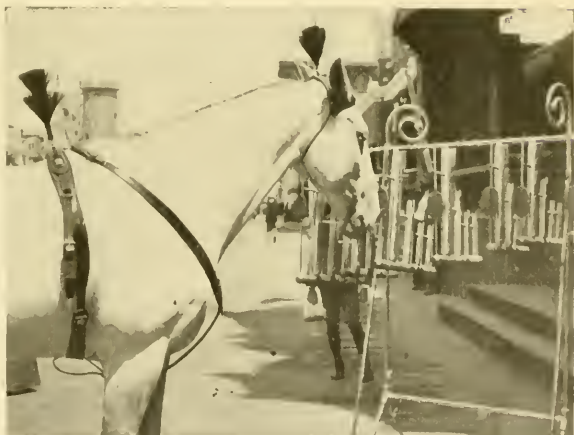


Taking a Little Rest

## CHAPTER V.

### *My Music Lessons.*

Animals are affected more by music than by any other agency. The dirge is a sad and solemn thing to a horse. Funerals are always associated with them, in the mind of the horse. And when the band plays lively circus music I always feel like dancing. Some times this happy spirit is mistaken for fractiousness and skittishness, because some poor colts who have never seen the world, especially on St. Patrick's Day and the Fourth of July, become alarmed and act up foolish like. I am very fond of music and can play some. I am making progress and may in time become an expert on certain instruments. When my Mistress Myrtle saw how fond I was of music she began to play everything she could think of to please me. Oh, how I did enjoy the sweet strains from her piano. I never imagined that such pretty sounds could be made. When my Master saw how fond I was of music he bought me a set of alluminum chimes. When I had smelled them out to find no danger in them, Master rubbed my nose against the side of each chime in the chromatic scale and the sounds were so pleasing that I wanted to hear them all the time. Every time I struck a chime Mistress Myrtle struck the same note on her piano and they pronounced the name of the note. I became an adept at matching tones and can now duplicate the notes on my chimes, after hearing the piano, better than Master can. After a great deal of patience and hard practice I could play any simple tune. I sur-



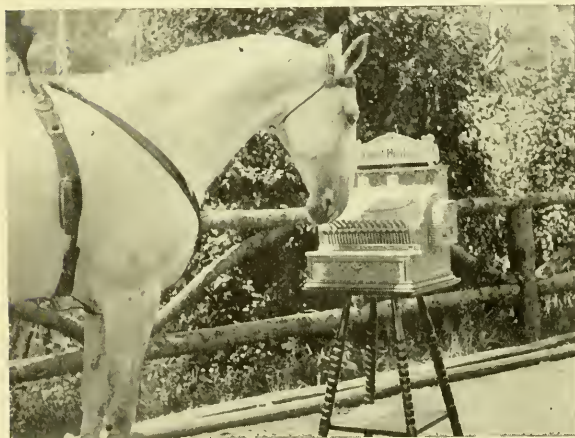
prised my Master a great deal. But I tell you, a horse has a musical ear and can distinguish sounds and noises better than people can. When I got so I could play real well and I saw how pleased my Master was, I felt happy as a Cherub sitting on a cloud and tickling Angels' toes.

## CHAPTER VI.

### *Working the Cash Register.*

When I had learned to play the chimes I had an ambition to do something more difficult. Master brought home a National Cash Register one day and set it down near me. I thought it the most curious looking thing I had ever seen. I didn't have much idea of its usefulness until I visited a big country fair and saw different people operating cash registers and making change for purchasers. I heard Master say: "I venture Trixie can work a cash register as well as anybody." When I knew that he wanted me to learn to make change from the cash register till, I was skeptical of my ability to succeed. Master called me to him and pointed to the register. Then he touched a key which rang a bell and threw out the money drawer. In this drawer were bonbons. The drawer was closed and Master pressed my nose against the key and the drawer flew open as the bell rang. I found

more bonbons. Master told me that he would give me candy as often as I could open the cash register. No bell-ringer ever worked harder. And then he dropped coins into the boxes in the drawer. He held up these coins and pronounced their names and told me how to make



Manipulating National Cash Register



change, and never "short change," as some people do. I was a long time learning this, but Master was so patient and kind that I tried doubly hard to learn, and succeeded. Master tells me that he has been presented with a brand new National Cash Register built specially for me, and that it is valued at \$400.

I knew all the figures and numbers pretty well before I undertook to make change on the register, but even then I had difficulty in ringing up the sale correctly and in getting the right money in change. But now I am all right on change and the National Cash Register can't be beat. I can see how it would prevent mistakes, how it would detect theft and keep accounts straight. It's a wonder. I learned the figures and numbers more slowly than I did the alphabet. Master would hold up an object like a carrot and say "one." Then he would hold up one in each hand and say "two" and show me the printed number each time. And that's the way I learned from one up to ten and over.

I am like people, however; I would have considerable trouble in keeping my accounts straight and the change right if it wasn't for the National Cash Register. It's perfection.

## CHAPTER VII.

### *Talk With Ned and Ted.*

I have lots of fun with my two stable companions, Ned and Ted. Ned is a very wise horse. He is grey like myself, but not from age. Ted is also grey, but he's a dog and I have to talk to him through signs which he understands by instinct. A dumb brute can't reason



like a man, but knows things by instinct. Ned and I often get to talking over the past. We are both very happy because we have such a kind Master, and such a good home. When a stormy day comes (and such weather is bound to be), we are comfortably housed and blanketed. One day Ned said to me: "What would you do in case fire broke out in our quarters?" I told him that I would "break out" too. "But," said Ned, "suppose you were tied and the door was barred and locked." "Well," I replied, "our Master is more considerate; he never ties us and never locks the door nor bars it unless a groom is on guard with us." I saw a big fire once in the East where I was giving an exhibition of my educational powers, and thousands of curious people came to see me and were astounded at my knowledge. A livery stable burned down. In this stable were many horses who in their day had been considered noble steeds and magnificent chargers. As their usefulness waned the poor steeds were taken from the family carriage and sold to the livery man for hire. That's the way of our race. We are shunted and sent to the scrap pile when we are no longer young and spry. One day when Ned and I were down town we saw a horse running away. He was hitched to a delivery wagon and scattered everything before him, and after him too. We were going in his direction and Master allowed us to canter along pretty lively. As we came to a bend in the road we saw a great crowd hurrying to the delivery horse, who had been badly hurt by an

accidental fall. When we got in speaking distance we asked the wounded horse all about his rash act. "Oh, I am in such pain," said he, "that I don't care what becomes of me now." "Why did you run away?" asked Ned. "Oh, because I was abused," he retorted. "They



Stage Entre Act to Footlights

put high check reins on me and blinkers over my eyes and they beat me for almost nothing and jerked my poor mouth until it is sore and bleeding. I get no rest on Sunday, for they drive me into the country and half starve me and expect me to be good-natured. They seldom water me when I want a drink and when they whipped me today for nothing I got so terribly mad that I kicked over the traces and smashed things. I saw them shoot a real fine thoroughbred horse who fell in the hunt the other day and broke his leg. My leg is broken and I can see what kind of a finish I am going to make. I wish I had remembered what my poor old mother told me, never to run away. But there are some things no horse can stand."

## CHAPTER VIII.

### *Impressions of King Rex and Cuba.*

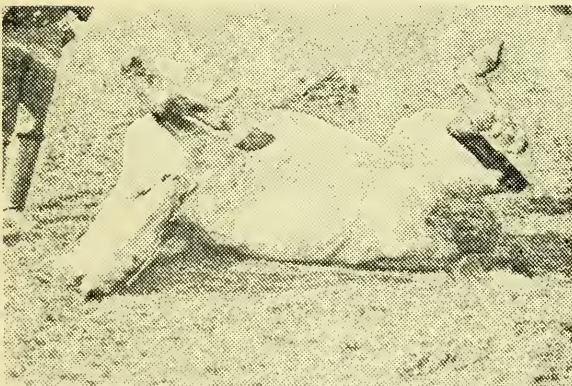
When my education was pretty well completed my Master was anxious to have me show the world what I knew and could do, the same as people. And everywhere I went thousands of the very finest people crowded around to see me and to express surprise. I didn't care so much for their praise and wonderment, but I wanted to please Master, who put a ticket seller at the front door and made everybody pay that came to see me perform. More people came to see my acting than any other attraction on the World's Fair grounds where we visited. I felt very sorry for some of the show managers because nearly everybody came to me, while nobody scarcely went to see their exhibitions. For several years I have



been traveling from ocean to ocean, trying to do humane work. I belong to the Humane Societies of New York, Boston and other prominent cities. I believe that I have accomplished much good.

My Master has with him two elk. He calls them Cuba and King Rex. They have big bushy antlers and look awfully queer to me. They are not sociable and kind like Ned and Ted. One day when I went up to King Rex to say something in our universal sign language, he struck me a staggering blow in the face with his horns. Gee! but I was mad. No one was near. Master was out of sight. I was so indignant and furious that I wheeled around and let both heels fly. I caught his royal highness in the short ribs and stomach. It sounded like a bass drum. He doubled up like Ostler Joe's jackknife and let a groan out of him that you could hear ten blocks. He began to squirm and work his antlers suspiciously and I mosied away into my own favorite stall. Master came in and saw King Rex all doubled up with pain. "Goodness," said he, "that elk's sick." And then he gave him a big dose of nasty colic medicine. I kind o' laughed to myself but said nothing. But when he saw the bruise and gash on my forehead he asked what the matter was. I pointed over to Rex, and he said, "Been mixing it with that elk, eh?" He laughed and said, "Well, you actors and performers are just like all other show people."

I think Cuba has a little better disposition than King Rex, but his antlers are just as long and as hard and as dangerous. But I don't feel unkind to these poor animals, for they don't know a great deal. They can't understand as I do. They obey Master willingly and they dive into a delicious bath many times a day to please him. If they only had "horse sense" and would do as they might do Mas-





ter would push them forward to the world just as he does me. But then, they must live according to their understanding.

## CHAPTER IX.

### *My Message to the World.*

The great mistake animals often make is in not heeding their master, particularly when the master is good and kind. I like to tease and torment my Master just the same as children like to tease their parents, but I always make up for it by showing my Master how much I love him. Master has great confidence in me, and I am doubly cautious not to do anything to lose his confidence.

One day when he had hitched me to his carriage he said: "Trixie, I don't think it's necessary to hamper you with lines to guide you. You know left from right and right from wrong. I will drive you by the motion of my hand just as I would point the way to a stranger inquiring for direction." I nodded "All right." We soon understood each other and I went fast, slow, to right or left and stood still when he said "Whoa!" Master was proud of me and I was pleased, oh! so pleased. And when the bands were playing and Master wanted to show me off I stepped high and marked time and did almost everything graceful except the skirt dance. No high-bred Arabian ever walked more majestic than I. Everybody was watching when I moved. I was the cynosure of all eyes.

Master taught me to rear up and walk on my hind feet, to sit in a chair, to do contortion stunts,—such as placing my front leg over my head, to stand upon my head, to walk lame and to imitate



a drunken man's unsteady, zig-zag gait. And by the way, I am a teetotlar. I don't like any kind of liquor and when I see how silly and cruel some very good people are when drinking I thank my lucky stars that I never touched strong drink. In fact I hate strong drink because it has made cruel, brute masters cause more animals to suffer than I could tell you.

I was taught to do many clever things, and I went through the streets of nearly every European capital drawing my Master and I was free of rein or bridle. It astonished the people and they came by thousands to see me at the theatre and filled every seat and others stood up and filled all the vacant space. I couldn't understand why so many very royal people were so wildly enthusiastic about me and paid so much money to see me. But Master was tickled almost to death and I was glad because he seemed so pleased about it. In this connection I wish to show you a photograph of one crowd that came to pay their respects to me. All the other pictures are very similar and merely repetitions of my victorious conquest of Europe. I shall never forget my first introduction to Sara Bernhardt. They told me she was a great actress and that I was to give a special performance for her benefit. There were many prominent Parisian journalists and theatrical managers present. I was a little nervous, but I did my best. I knew by the applause that I was making a "hit," or "bringing down the house," as my Master says. As I was bowing in conclusion

the "Divine Sara" came to me quickly, threw her arms around my neck, and said in French, which was interpreted for me later, "Trixie, you have divine genius. If all my support had proportionate ability I could sway the world."



Crowds to See Me at Theatres

## CHAPTER X.

### *My Shattered Ideal.*

I never studied medicine, as some have imagined, but I know pretty well what's good for a horse when he's sick. The best thing is not to do anything to make you sick. An ounce of prevention is better than a ton of "drenching." Master saw me have the colic one day. Oh, but I was all pained up like a jack-knife. The next day Master said: "Trixie, show me how colic makes you feel." When I did so he laughed. I couldn't see anything funny about it, but it seemed to amuse him so I did it every time he asked me to do so. I imitated the different stages of colic, showing the final excruciating paroxysms. I groaned and pointed my nose to the place it hurt worst. I switched my tail between my legs and expressed my feelings by actions that are plainer than words.

I want to go back and tell you about one of my early day dreams. Master brought home a bobby-horse one Christmas. The children all loved it and rode it and poor Trixie was almost forgotten. I was jealous and mad. If I had been left alone with that painted thing I would have kicked its doll face off of its shoulders. I said to myself, "I wish I was a bobby-horse." Because they all seemed to love it so. I began to pose like the bobby-horse. I tried to look and act like the bobby-horse. But no one seemed to care for me and I went away to my quarters very much crestfallen and almost heart-broken. But all things come to him that waits. I had my revenge and satisfaction. I stayed away from Master's family for nearly



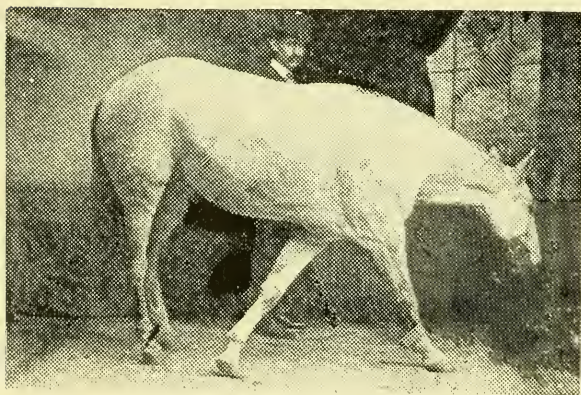


two weeks. Finally I got lonesome and homesick and without thinking wandered towards Master's house. I stuck my head into the woodshed. I was surprised and amazed. There was Mr. Hobby-horse a physical wreck. He couldn't be a mental wreck for he never did have any brains. His legs were broken. He was scratched and torn and the sawdust and straw stuck out from a hundred wounds. The chickens had roosted on his back and as I went in to kick him to pieces I said to myself: "Trixie, never strike an animal when he's down." Excuse me, I never want to be a hobby-horse. I now rushed over to Master's house and the children were wild with delight when they saw me again. I was so happy. And I just thought how foolish I had been to pout and sulk over an old hobby-horse that has no sense and can't do anything but stand still and look like a real horse that does stunts and goes to kindergarten school and learns Delsarte and physical culture and becomes graceful and handsome and useful and noble and grand, and entertains the people. Hobby-horse? bah! Not for Princess Trixie.

## CHAPTER XI.

### *Difference in Animal Nature.*

There seems to me to be just as much difference in animals as there is in people. In my colt days I remember how Master brought two spotted little fawns home with him. He said that when they grew big and strong they would be elk. Since then I have heard men called elk and I wondered why. They were big and stately and fine, but they



Hobby Horse all out of Joint.

did not walk like real elk. Master put the fawns into a stall and asked me to help teach them. Our animal sign language came in use nicely. Oh, how timid they were! They were not used to seeing people. I had an awful time to make them understand that they would not be hurt and that they would have a good home if they were good. But their wild nature made them doubtful. They were very fond of water. Master arranged a long chute and through no other way could they get into the bath. Every day the chute was raised a little higher and every day they plunged head-long into the water with greatest delight. "Excuse me," I thought; "they can have all that fun they want." I could not understand about their high dive until Master showed how proud he was of their skill and daring as we traveled over the world to delight the royalty of every nation of prominence. The elk told me that their diving was the greatest sport imaginable. When the elk were two years old I was astonished to see shrubbery grow on top of their heads, near their ears. I was alarmed. I supposed that baby trees were growing into their heads and that in time the roots of the trees would kill the elk. I was terribly worried until Master told me that the growth was antlers, used by elk for defense and offense, and that it was a natural part of the elk. But when he told me that these horns or antlers fell off every year and new ones grew in their place, I asked him why. And do you know, he has never told me why, not even to this day. Master is a very busy man, as he has thousands to talk to every day and he may have forgotten my question. I asked King Rex and Cuba, for they are the elk I am talking about, if they knew why their antlers grew on new every year, and they said they guessed it was "the nature of the beast."



## CHAPTER XII.

### *My Travels Abroad.*

I am not exactly a globe trotter, but Master has given me a foreign education and taken me abroad considerably. I shall never forget my debut at the Crystal Palace, London, and the pretty compliments given me by the tremendous crowds that came to see me and wondered at my exhibition of human knowledge. Master was pleased and I was proud to be able to delight so many thousands. We went to the Jardin des Plantes in Berlin and repeated our successes there. It was the same everywhere. Men patted me and stroked my mane and said pretty things, and the women hugged me and kissed me and acted a little more excited than I liked. I looked at Master and he looked at me, but didn't say anything. He seemed to be amused. I just wondered if he wouldn't have been glad to change places with me.

In all my travels I was never greatly alarmed and frightened but once. It was at Chicago, when Master took me to Hyde & Beman's Theatre. We had a date there. It was the old Iroquois Theatre, that burned with such appalling loss of human life. Oh, but I was nervous. Master couldn't help noticing my agitation. He looked worried too. But when I got my cue to go on I pulled myself together and made a dash for the footlights. I stood on my hind feet and bowed and courtesied until the whole audience applauded like thunder. And then Trixie was herself again. If I could have talked I would have told Master that I was an actress born and would not lower the dignity of the profession. When I concluded my act I was surprised to see so many grand people come behind the scenes to look at me. I guess they imagined I was a hobby-horse, worked by some strange mechanism. Well, I imagine they know better now.

They all thought it strange that I could designate colors. That's easy as kicking a hole in the sky. Say, I want to tell you something before I forget it. You know I tell the number of people in a row of seats, the most beautiful woman there, the color of her dress, hat, etc. And then Master asks how many of the men are good-looking

and I pick up the card marked "o" or naught. Well, Master told me to do that just to make the people laugh. I don't see anything funny about it. But then I'm only a horse and I can't understand everything that's humorous and funny. But just as sure as I am a lady I have seen thousands of men that I admired and thought were fine-looking gentlemen whom I said were "not good-looking" just because it was all in the play.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### *An Indisputable Witness.*

My Dear Reader,—As a fitting finale to this pleasing brochure I wish to write that I have read carefully every word Princess Trixie has said through the happy interpretation of Mr. Geo. L. Hutchin, who is sponsor for this most interesting work, and I wish to add that I believe every word is given just as Princess Trixie tells me many times a day. I know her better, perhaps, than any living soul, and am able to speak with authority of her merits. Beyond cavil Princess Trixie possesses a knowledge that is almost human. Her understanding is beyond comprehension, as no other subject of the animal kingdom can perform her wondrous problems. She does her work unaided and she executes it thoroughly. Her talent and genius are marvels of art in equine culture. Her style of work is far different from that of the so-called "trained" horses. She acts by her own will and understanding.

Princess Trixie has done more for the cause of humane treatment of animals than any man or animal in the world has done. She is an honorary member of every Humane Society in Europe and America. She dearly loves little children and is very fond of women. Beyond peradventure Princess Trixie possesses a knowledge that surpasses all other animals. She is endowed with gifts that are intended for the betterment of all animals. Her acts and deeds show us the dumb brute's power of understanding and we are able to realize that the human family has greatly misjudged, misunderstood and mistreated that noble animal, man's best friend, the horse.

W. H. BARNES.

# St. Paul Society for the Prevention of Cruelty

Incorporated Under the Laws of the State, March, 1870

ST. PAUL, Minn., April 8, 1905.

MR. W. H. BARNES.

*Dear Sir*—At the meeting of the above Society, held on Saturday, April 1st, the following resolution was passed:

*Resolved*, That because of the valuable lesson taught and the good results accomplished by the remarkably educated horse, Princess Trixie, during her two weeks' exhibition under the auspices of this Society, we, the St. Paul Society for the Prevention of Cruelty, do declare her an Honorary Member of the same and vote her a gold medal properly inscribed as a further token of our appreciation of her wonderful accomplishments.

We wish further to express our approval of the methods used by Mr. Barnes in training and exhibiting Princess Trixie, especially commending the manifest affection existing between them, evidently a result of the kindness and patience used in her training.

ALICE S. MILLARD,  
Secretary.

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HIGHEST TRIBUTE FROM PROMINENT THEATRICAL OWNER

## Pacific Coast Amusement Co.

Seattle, Wash., May 1, 1905.

Princess Trixie proved by far the highest class attraction I ever *booked through my circuit*, and all previous records of attendance were broken at each house without a single exception.

JOHN W. CONSIDINE, Owner.

Grand Theatre, Vancouver, B. C.  
Peoples' Theatre, Vancouver, B. C.  
Grand Theatre, Bellingham, Wash.  
Beck Theatre, Bellingham, Wash.  
Central Theatre, Everett, Wash.  
Grand Theatre, Victoria, B. C.  
Unique Theatre, Astoria, Or.  
Star Theatre, Astoria, Or.

Grand Theatre, Tacoma.  
Star Theatre, Tacoma.  
Orpheum Theatre, Seattle.  
Star Theatre, Seattle.  
Star Theatre, Portland.  
Grand Theatre, Portland.  
Arcade Theatre, Portland.  
Edison Grand, Spokane.  
Family Theatre, Butte, Mont.

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